

Thi saa har Gud elsket
Verden, at han gav sin
Søn, den enbaarne, for at
hver den som tror paa
ham, ikke skal fortabes,
men have evigt Liv.

HYRDEN

"JEG ER DEN GODE HYRDE." — Joh. 10. 11.

Den som tror paa ham,
bliver ikke dømt; den som
ikke tror, er allerede dømt,
fordi han ikke har
paa Guds enbaarne
Navn.

Haugen, Rev. A. K.
mar. 13

18de aargang.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Første Nr. i Januar, 1942.

AARSOPPGJØR

Evangelium: Luk. 13, 6—9.

Men han sa denne lignels: En mand hadde et fikentræ, som var plantet i hans vingaard, og han kom og ledte efter frugt paa det, og fandt ingen. Da sa han til vingaaardsmanden: Se, i tre aar er jeg nu kommen og har ledt efter frugt paa dette fikentræ, og har ikke fundet nogen. Hug det ned! Hvorfor skal det ogsaa opta jorden til ingen nytte? Men han svarte og sa til ham: Herre! La det dog staa ogsaa dette aar, til jeg faar gravet om det og lagt gjødsel paa, om det kanskje kunde bære til neste aar! Hvis ikke, da kan du hugge det ned.

Kjære læser! Her sier Jesus os noget av det som foregaar i himmelen ved aars-skiftet. Der samtales om os. Og det som der sies om os, er sandt.

Ønsker du at vite sandheten om dig selv?

Dengang du aapnet dig for Jesu liv, da ønsket du det. Intet var dig da mere magtpaaliggende end at vite, hvad Gud mente om dig.

Men nu?

Ingen frugt var i Herrens øine saa velbehagelig som denne din ydmyge trang til at se sandheten ind i øinene. Du vilde og du maatte vite alt det i dit liv som Gud hadde imot.

Den første kjærlighets deilige frugt! Det herligste Guds faderøie kan se her paa den faldne jord: et menneske som ikke kan leve uten i sandheten og som i sandhetens erkjendelse av sig selv vender sine øine til kobberslangen og ikke vet noget herligere end at takke ham i ord og liv for hans fuldbragte verk. Den benaadete forbryders ydmyge og inderlige tak.

Herren er idag ute og ser efter frugt. Du kunde vist peke paa meget som har vokset siden hin første tid. Dine naadegaver, din kristelige forstaaelse av de mange ting, din flid i kristelig arbeide, kanskje ogsaa i at bruke ordet, bønne og nadveren. Og dog — frugten søker Gud under disse blade. Og finder han bare blade, saa er træet ufrugtbart, hvor mange blade det end har. Han leter efter din første kjærlighet. Er det nu synden som driver dig ind for Guds anisgt? Graater du nu over din synd i lønkammeret? Hvordan har du det nu naar Gud og du er alene? Er nu din første bøn at faa vite hvad Gud mener om dig?

Eller er ikke synden lenger din daglige smerte? Er ikke Kristi kors lenger dit kjæreste sted? Er det mere pligt og vane som driver dig ind i lønkammeret?

Ja, sier nogen av eder som læser dette, saa er det med mig. Bare blade! Det er ikke lenger den første kjærlighet som binder mig til min frelser. Jeg har kjendt hvorledes verdenssindet litt efter litt dræpte den første kjærlighet, saa jeg er blit fremmed for Jesus som jeg engang talte med om alt. Hvad skal jeg gjøre?

La mig først faa si dig hvad Jesus gjør. Han ber for dig, ufrugtbare træ. Du hadde fortjent at bli hugget om. Men Jesus ber. Og frugten av hans bøn holder nu paa at gro i dit hjerte: sandhetens erkjendelse.

Og nu kan jeg si dig hvad du skal gjøre. Bøi dig paany for sandheten han sier dig i sit ord. Og si ham saa sandheten, at du er død og kold. Og læg dig paany under hans kors — med den salige frugt, at du nu kjender din egen hjelpeøstet, men ogsaa Kristi frelserkraft litt dypere end før.

Det skjærer mig i hjertet at tænke paa, at der muligens findes nogen av mine læsere, som Jesus for sidste gang ber for ved dette aarsskifte. Du skulde egentlig være hugget om i det aar som gik. Men Jesus bad for dig. Han bad om at faa gjøre endnu et frelsens forsøk med dig, for han er saa glad i dig.

Saa bekjendte han at grave om røtterne — hjerterøtterne. Han begyndte at røre

VILJEN TIL DET GODE.

Fra Kinamisjonforbundbladet "Utsyn" utgit i Norge den 8de Oktober 1939.

Menneskesjelen er som havet. I den er det ogsaa mange underlige dyp. Mørke, hemmelige og hatefulle dyp kan plutselig gi sig tilkjenne og forskrekke dig. En ting er sjelen ulik havet i. Havet kan ikke gjøre noe av sig selv. Det har ingen vilje. Det har du. En menneskesjel kan herske over sin verden. Den har vilje.

Vilje til det gode — men ogsaa til det vonde.

Vilje til det som er sant og rett — men ogsaa til løgn.

Hvad skal seire i din sjel? Du bestemmer det selv. Har du noen gang kjent dig henført til aa gjøre det gode? Det har du sikkert. Du har kjent det brenne i dig etter aa bli ren og sann og god. Og naar det vonde har seiret over dig, eller du har sett det seire i kameratfolkken — har du ikke kjent en trang inne i dig til aa slaa det ned? En sorg over at du ikke makket aa være saa god som du vilde og ønsket. Jeg vil gjerne minne dig om det idag at du er ikke alene om den sorgen. Alle de som vil kjempe for det gode faar føle den. Husker du hvad Paulus sa: "Viljen har jeg, men — —"

Du trenger en kraft som er sterkere enn din. Du trenger Gud. Uten hans hjelp naar du aldri frem til det aa bli ren og sann og god. Alene makter du ikke kampen mot det vonde i dig selv og omkring dig. "Vaar egen makt er intet verd." Uten Gud er livet meningsløst. Uten Gud er gleden tom og arbeidet ditt innholdsløst.

Hvad skal jeg gjøre? spør du kanskje, naar det ikke engang hjelper aa ville det gode, naar strevet mit ikke er verd noe.

Nær dig staar Jesus Kristus. Han har ikke bare makt til aa tilgi synd. Han har ogsaa makt til aa fylle din sjel med sin aand og kraft, gjøre dig sterk og trygg. Paulus iikk opleve det, og da klaget han ikke lenger over at han ikke makket det gode. Nei, da sier han, glad og full av tro: "Jeg formaar alt i Ham som gjør mig strek."

Skal Jesus faa gjøre dig sterk?

Kameraten.

TROEN

Min Frelser, Du som Lægedommen eier for hvert et Saar jeg fik paa Kampens Dag — kan jeg ei komme til Dig med min Seier, saa kan jeg komme med mit Nederlag!

Kan jeg ei med Din Pris i Mund og Hjerte, med Takkesalmer Dig imøde gaa, saa kan jeg klage Dig min Nød og Smerte, og ydmygt bedende for Tronen staa.

Kan jeg ei se Dig freidig ind i Øiet og glæde mig i al Din Kjærlighet, saa kan jeg dog mit Hoved for Dig bøie og slaa mit Blik i Anger for Dig ned.

Kan jeg ei mend den sterke Troes hele og fulde Glæde ile i Din Favn, saa kan jeg stille for Din Fod nedknæle og under Taarer kalde paa Dit Navn.

ved det, dit hjerte hadde fæstet sig til. Var det dine penger eller din helse og arbeidskraft han tok? Eller var det den kjæreste du eiet paa jord? Saa var kanskje det det sidste middel Jesus hadde igjen.

Naadde han sin hensigt med dig? Fik han dig omvendt? Eller maatte Jesus si til sin far: nu faar du hugge til, nu eier jeg ikke flere midler med dette menneske, og nu kan han ikke lenger staa i veien for sin husstand, sine børns og sine venners omvenderlse.

Min kjære læser! omvend dig inden ekkoet av Jesu sidste bøn for dig er utdød i dit hjerte.

—O. Hallsby.

KIRKEBØNNEN

Som nu brukt ved Camp Little Norway

Evige, allmektige Gud! Vi takker dig og priser ditt hellige navn. For du er god, og din miskunnhet varer til evig tid. Du har vist din naade mot vaart folk ned gjennom tidene og mot oss idag. Du har forløst oss og gitt sjelen frelse og salighet.

Herre Gud, vi er ringere enn all den miskunnhet og trofasthet du har vist mot oss. Vi har staatt ditt ord imot, og har ikke æret ditt navn i verden som vi skulde. Men vi ber dig, tilgiv os for Jesu Kristi skyld, og giv oss kraft til reisning og rensning ved din Hellige Aand, saa vi kan strekke oss efter det som er foran.

Vi staa idag for ditt hellige aasyn i bønn for vaart folk og vaart land, som oplever en prøvelsens tid. O Gud, la ikke vaare hjerter forferdes, men la oss gaa frelst ut av faren, saa vi igjen kan bo og bygge i frihet i vaart kjære fedreland.

Hold din vernende haand over vaart hjemlands kirke. Giv den tjenere med mot og kraft i tro paa dig. Trøst og styrk du ved din Aand alle dem som idag er i trengsel og fare for sin troskaps og kjærlighets skyld.

Ta i din naadige varetekt vaar kjære konge, som idag maa bo i fremmed land. La ham faa naade til aa se den dag komme da han igjen kan innta sin rette plass i sitt folk. Bevar du vaar kronprins og hans hus, og giv dem din velsignelse. Hjelp du kongens raad, folkets ledere, til aa søke din visdom og kraft i sin høie gjerning.

Vi ber dig og for dette land (Canada), for dets konge og alle andre som staar for styret her. Hold du oppe alle dem som idag deler faren med oss.

Se i naade til vaare sjøfolk, til vaare landsmenn allevegne. Staa dem bi som staar i kamp for det som er dem kjær og dyrebart. Støtt du armen naar den trettes, og la dem som segner, se dig. Mett dem som hungrer, med daglig brød, og gled alle glade givere. Trøst du selv alle enker og farløse, alle syke og sorgfulle. Miskunne dig, Herre, over oss alle, og la den haarde tid vi gjennomlever bringe oss nærmere dig og nærmere hverandre. Gaa du foran oss i vaar strid at vi maa faa komme hjem igjen til Norge med frihet og fred.

Vi lover og priser ditt hellige navn og takker dig for hvert kristenmenneske som du i naade har tatt imot i ditt evige hjem, og vi ber dig i ydmykhet at du vil gi oss aa leve i Herren og dø i Herren, saa vi og med dem kan naa frem til livets opstandelse i Kristus Jesus.

Herre, hør vaar bønn! Amen.

Denne bøn var trykt paa forsiden av Lutheraneren for den 3die december, 1941. Pastor Herman E. Jørgensen Lutheranerens redaktør skriver redaksjonelt følgende om denne bøn:

Kirkebønnen paa forsiden av dette nummer er den tillempning av den almindelige kirkebønn som nu benyttes ved gudstjenestene i Camp Little Norway. Tillempningen er foretatt av pastor Berge Øverland, felpresten ved leiren. De to former for kirkebønnen som finnes i det nye norske høimesseritual, er begge beregnet paa almindelige fredstider, og har derfor flere uttrykk som i den grad passer bare for saadanne tider at de for det krigsherjede Norges sønner i landflyktighet vilde mangle all vesentlig aktualitet. Det forekommer oss at pastor Øverland i sitt forsøk paa aa tilleppe bønne etter omstendighetenes krav har lagt for dagen pietet og skjønnsomhet. Selvsagt er det hans mening at denne form er brukbar bare under de forhold som Norges forsvarere for tiden finner sig i.

Vi mente at vaare lesere vilde ha interesse av aa se denne midlertidige form for den norske kirkebønn brukt under landflyktigheten, og fikk derfor pastor Øverlands tillatelse til aa gjengi den her i bladet.

Der er megen virvar i vor tid med b til barnedaapen. Dette gode indlegg, som skrevet i organ for Oslo Indremission "Bymissionæren" for lørdag den 9de Januar, 1937. Vi gjengir den i Hyrden med bøn om at Gud legger sin velsignelse til.

La de smaa barn komme til mig

Mark. 10, 13—16.

Av biskop Johan Lunde.

Gud skje lov, at vi kan bringe vaare smaa barn til Jesus. Og jeg sier: Gud skje lov at vi kan faa bringe dem til ham i daap. Hvorledes skulde vi ellers kunne bli helt visse paa at de er tatt imot. I daapen er det Jesus selv som handler med dem, da blir de efter hans ord tatt inn i disippelflokken, han skriver deres navn i livets bok og lover at han vil være med dem alle dager. Han kan jo da ikke støte noen bort som kommer til ham, han kan heller ikke støte de smaa barn bort, naar vi kommer med dem. Han tar imot dem som en gave fra Gud.

Jeg vet nok at der ogsaa nu er disipler som truer dem som bærer dem og som vil hindre dem fra aa komme. Men jeg vet ogsaa at da blir Jesus vred likesom han blev det første gang det hendte.

Gled dig, du far og mor, at Jesus forstaar ditt lille barn bedre enn disse "kloke" disipler. Naar du kommer hjem fra kirken med ditt dømte barn, kan du glad stryke det over kinnet, se det inn i dets blanke barneøine og si: Gud skje lov, saa er du da. mitt kjære, lille barn, ogsaa blitt Guds eget, kjære barn. Du skal faa vokse op under Jesu velsignende hender.

Daapsdagen er den store dag i ditt barns liv.

Nu vet du hvor hjelpeøstet et lite barn er, helt overgitt til sine omgivelser. Det maa pleies og passes paa alle maater, intet kan det av sig selv, alt maa læres. Det maa lære aa kjenne sin egen far og mor, av sig selv kan det ikke vite det. Saa maa det da ogsaa lære aa kjenne Jesus, som har gitt det barnerett og barnekaar i Guds rike uten at det en gang hadde kunnet be om det. Av sig selv kan det jo ikke vite det, det maa være noen som kan lære dem det. Hvem andre enn far og mor?

La de smaa barn komme til mig.

Du maa forstaa det er ikke nok at du kom med det den ene gangen da det blev døpt. Hver dag maa du bringe det til ham, for at det kan vokse op under hans velsignende hender. Har du latt barnet ditt dømpe, saa har du tatt paa dig ansvaret for at det kan bli kjent med hvad dets daap betyr.

Du maa lære barnet aa takke Jesus som saa kjærlig tok imot det. Ved daapen blev det innpodet i Jesus som en kvist paa vintreet, du maa lære det aa bli hos ham naar det vokser op. Av sig selv kan det det ikke, du maa lære det hvordan det gaar til.

Du maa lære ditt barn aa bli glad i Jesus, du maa la det forstaa at du er glad i ham, ellers blir du en slett læremester.

Du maa lære ditt barn aa be til Jesus. Du maa la det forstaa, at for dig er det likesaa nødvendig aa be som aa spise, da du vet at all god gave og all fullkommen gave kommer ovenfra. Det er din hellige plikt aa lære barnet dette, av sig selv kan det det ikke.

Du maa lære barnet aa være lydig mot Jesus. Det kan ikke skje paa noen annen maate enn at barnet faar se at det gjør du.

Med ett ord: naar du har latt ditt barn dømpe, har du tatt paa dig ansvaret for at det faar vokse op i et kristen hjem, det vil si et hjem hvor Jesus faar raade med sin Aand og sitt ord.

Jeg vil be dig huske paa en ting: Det er ganske utrolig hvor barna er gløgge til aa ta etter det de ser for sig. Du vil at barnet ditt skal lære aa be. Nu vel, naar saa kvelden kommer, setter du dig inn til sengen hos det og saa ber dere aftenbønnen sammen. Det er jo rett og pent. Men om dagen, inne i stuen, under samværet der, blir det ingen bruk for aa be, alt gaar sin jevne eller skjeve gang, enhver strever med sitt som om der ingen Gud var aa holde sig til.

HYRDEN

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REDAKTØRSKIFTE

Pastor Lystig som nu har flyttet til staterne har tjent vor kirke i kanada trofast og vel de aar av hans tjenestetid her. Vi siger ham tak for indsatsen og ønsker ham stor velsignelse i det nye virkefelt. At det blir vanskelig at fylde hans plads som redaktør for Hyrden, det skjønner Hyrdens lesekreter, og ikke mindst den tiltredende redaktør.

Men kaldet kom fra Bestyrelsen for vort kirkeblad, og vi har antat kaldet. Arbeidet er optat med den tro at Herren peker veien. I denne forbindelse gjengir vi en del av en skrivelse av Pastor Lystig under samme tittel "Redaktørskifte" som blev trykt i andet juni nummer 1940

"Men det er til enhver tid en alvorlig sak at motsette sig kirkens kald, medmindre man skulde forkaste det grundsyn at det er Herren selv som gjennom sine valgte tjenere kalder arbeidere ut i sin vingard."

Saa treder vi ind i den nye stilling med bøn til Gud at han vil styre og lede slik at det maa bli til felles velsignelse. Ofte følger man at arbeidstiden er fylt til randen. Men der er altid tid til det som vi faar lov at tro at Herren legger til. Og faar vi vie vore krefter og evner for Guds rikes fremme faar vi si med Bjørnson.

"Ver glad naar kampen veier
Hver evne som du eier
Des større sak, des tyngre tak,
Men desto større seier."

Bed at gjerningen maa lykkes.

—A. M. Vinge.

Men i sin stol ved vinduet sitter gamle bestemor. Hun har gjerne den store bibelen foran sig paa bordet, ofte folder hun sine hender og sukker: Aa Herre Gud!

Hvad saa? Ja hvad saa? Saa faar barnet den tro, at bønn det er noe som kun hører hjemme i barnekammerset eller naar man er blitt saa gammel som bestemor, ellers faar man klare sig selv, og efter det innretter da barnet sig naar det vokser op. Det læres simpelthen av med aa be. Skal barnet virkelig lære aa be, saa maa det forstaa at det er bønne som bærer hjemmet enten det er i barnekammerset eller inne i stuen. Husk, barna er gløgge, de bruker baade øine og ører godt og tar efter det de ser og hører. Det kan godt gaa for sig at de lærer aa be i barnekammerset, men aa banne i stuen, men da blir det mere banning enn bønn naar de vokser op.

Det klages saa titt over at vaare barn faller ut av sin dapsnaade allerede i barnearene. Hvis saa er, er det ikke vanskelig aa forstaa hvad det kommer av. De har ikke lært aa gjøre bruk av daapsnaaden, den er blitt helt verdiløs for dem, de har ingen nytte hatt av den. Men det er ikke barnas skyld, heller ikke barnedaa-pens, men alene hjemmets skyld, som ikke har lært barnet, som jo er helt avhengig av hvad det lærer i sitt hjem. Og det blir da den skjebnesvangre følge at barnedaapen blir ringektet som noe unyttig, og saa kommer de kloke "disipler" som vil ta barnedaapen fra oss. Det maa ikke skje. Men hvad der maa skje, er at vi lærer vaare barn aa bli glad i sin daap som gir dem rett til aa være Guds gode og kjære barn. Barna skal forstaa at daapen er den skjønneste gave de har faatt av far og mor.

La de smaa barn komme til mig! Det maa være saa langt fra at du skal hindre dem, at du tvertom selv skal lære av barna hvorledes du skal ta imot Guds rike. Blir du ikke selv som et lite barn, kommer du aldri inn i Guds rike. Først naar du blir hjelpeløs som det lille barnet og likesaa villig til aa ta imot som det, da skjer det.

Selv kan du ikke med all din grublen, all din tenken, alt ditt strev, komme derinn, kun hvis du vil ta imot det som en gave av Jesu haand.

Gud gi oss alle aa bli som barn og ta imot Guds rike som en uforskyldt gave av hans haand. Amen.

FOLKEKALENDEREN

Folkekalender for 1942, utgit av Den Norsk Lutherske Kirke i Amerika og redigert av Pastor Olaf Lysnes, er nu utkommet, og er at faa paa Augsburg Publishing House.

Den indeholder en hel del meget interessant og værdifuldt læsestof, som er valgt fornemmelig med hundreaarsfesten i 1943 for øie. Her er samlet paa ett brett, i korttattet og let forstaaelig form, opplysninger som alle der vil feire hundreaarsfesten paa en intelligent maate, bør være fortrolig med.

Under overskriften "Den norsk-amerikanske kirkes historie" fortæller dr. R. Malmin kort og greit om de viktigste begivenheter i vor kirkes utvikling i Amerika. Vor kirke i dette land har en i mange henseender merkelig historie, som ethvert medlem av vort samfund bør være kjendt med. Denne nødvendigvis meget korte men vel-skrevne skisse er verd meget mere end det lille kalenderen koster.

Ogsaa av betydelig historisk interesse er "Fra Gamle Muskego" av pastor H. C. M. Jahren, "Luther College før og nu" av Dr. N. Astrup Larsen, "Minder fra Marshall-dagene" av dr. L. A. Vigness, "Minder fra Concordia College, Moorhead, Minn." av pastor K. Bogstad, "Luthersk Presteskole, Northfield, Minn. 1886—1890" av pastor K. O. Lundeberg, og "Det kirkelige forningsarbeide gjennom vort første aarhundre" av pastor K. Seehuus.

En tanketung avhandling av pastor G. Smedal over emnet "Den Norsk Lutherske Kirke i Amerika, Tilbakelblik og program" fortjener grundig og velvillig overveieise.

I et andet stykke gir past. Smedal værdifulde opplysninger om "Den Nye Pensionsplan."

Vi kunde ha ønsket at der hadde vært mere i kalenderen om vort missionsarbeide i de fjerne lande, men naar der er saa lite rum, er det ikke saa likeil at vælge. Vi er dog taknemmelig for det som er tat med. "Faar trængsel ydmyge, blir den til signing" av dr. C. W. Landahl gir os et billede fra missionsmarken i Kina, der tiltrods for de mørke og triste trak, er opmuntrende og skikket til at vække interesse for vort missionsarbeide derute.

De noksaa mange billeder av fremragende mænd i kirken fra Elling Eielsen og nedover er ogsaa av interesse.

Desuten indeholder kalenderen fuldstændige navnelister over samfundets prester, missionærer, lærere og embedsmænd.

Jeg likte at anbefale paa det bedste Folkekalender for 1942, og kanske føie til at vore prester vil gjøre sine menighetslerner en god tjeneste ved at sørge for at de har anledning til at kjøpe den.

—J. R. Lavik.

The Reverend Bersvend Anderson

N. N. Rønning

In appearance he was the least among the brethren when I saw him at a convention of the Hauge Synod; a small, bent, dried-up, old man. But no man attracted greater attention. People gathered around him, shook his hand, and shouted into his ear trumpet. He was that time about eighty years old. His friends undoubtedly thought this was the last time they would see him. They were mistaken. He was yet to do his most remarkable work.

Twenty-five years earlier, at the age of fifty-five, he was, according to his own words, more than half worn out. It was at that age he came to America. He was very much mistaken. He was now to begin his main work. A work that was to be carried on with indomitable courage almost to his death forty-one years later at the age of ninety-six.

It may sound incredible to college and seminary graduates that a man who has only six weeks of schooling became a powerful preacher and one of the greatest home missionaries among the Norwegian Lutherans on the American continent.

It is remarkable where brains, a thirst for knowledge, a spiritual experience in early youth, a passion to think things through, and a still greater passion to save souls, will carry a man.

Bersvend Anderson was born December 7, 1821, in Bardo. Tromsø Stift, Norway. His mother died at his birth, and the child was so weak that they postponed the mother's funeral that mother and child might be buried at the same time. A childless married couple reared him.

In his childhood, he says, he was left to God and himself. His foster father built himself a homestead in the woods. Here the boy roamed about as he pleased. He calls himself *en vildbasse* by nature, with a sanguine temperament. In the wild nature he found free play for his childish ideas. Among the thousand thoughts, the one that always remained with him was that he wanted to become a preacher.

In a poem he tells how he stood on stones and stumps and preached, to cows and sheep while tears streamed down his face.

Even in his tender years he felt the power of good and evil. At the age of ten he was fully convinced that without conversion he was condemned. But he also knew that if God were given a chance to do His work in a human heart, it would lead to salvation.

He was hungry for knowledge, but all doors to attend school were closed. Nothing but the Catechism and the Explanation were given him to read by his kind but unwise foster parents. Finally he was able to borrow books. Among the simple-minded Haugeans in Bardo there were hardly any but religious books. He learned to write mainly through his own efforts. "God has been my teacher", he wrote.

Between the years fifteen and eighteen he gradually came to spiritual clarity. The awakening started by Hans Nielsen Hauge had taken deep roots in his parish. He was gripped by this movement and it influenced his whole life and work. At the age of twenty he began to travel and preach in company with an older brother. The old Haugeans kept strict discipline with the newly converted who felt an urge to witness. They were not allowed to travel alone, but had to go with an older and more experienced Christian.

During the winter months he took part in fishing in Lofoten and in the summer time worked on a farm.

At least 20,000 men went to the Lofoten fishing grounds. Life was rough and tough in more ways than one. The scum of society came there to prey on the fishers.

For several years he worked as an evangelist in the northern part of Norway. He visited the most out-of-the-way places. He went where none else went. He traveled long stretches on skis, across high mountains, from valley to valley. He was often in great danger. People were amazed at his courage and zeal.

In the year 1876, at the age of fifty-five, he immigrated to America with his wife and eight children and settled near Crookston, Minnesota. There was great scarcity of ministers, and Anderson began to preach to the settlers, but he was not in position to administer the sacraments, to confirm, or to marry. He was urged to let himself be ordained, but refused for some time. Finally he yielded and was ordained a minister in the Hauge Synod in June, 1878.

He considered himself as "nødhjælp", that he served as minister as a matter of necessity, until younger and better trained men could take over the work in the congregations. As soon as this was possible, he resigned that he might work free and unhindered. He traveled almost continuously, summer and winter, in western Minnesota and in Dakota. It was no easy matter to travel in those days. Roads were bad and bridges poor, and there were no railroads as yet in North Dakota. But somehow or other he always found his way. A team of oxen and a lumber wagon were usually his means of transportation. In the summer time he often got stuck in the mud, and it was quite a job to get out of it. The mosquitoes were a pest and plague to man and beast. In the winter time it often happened that snowstorms obliterated every trace of roads; then Anderson put on his skis and with a bundle on his back started off cheerfully across the prairie and sought out the settlers in their snow-covered shanties. And whenever he stepped across the threshold, he was received with joy. Messages were sent to the neighbors that a meeting was going to be held. The Word was preached and the sacraments administered.

Often he was in grave danger. Once when he was visiting a Norwegian family

in Fargo, North Dakota, a gale blew down the house and crushed it. All, with the exception of a girl, escaped injury.

Thus he traveled for eighteen years, from 1876 to 1894. During sixteen years he was home missionary in the Hauge Synod in the Red River Valley and as far north as the Turtle Mountains, close to the Canadian boundary. As far as is known he had no fixed salary. But that did not matter. His family made their living on the farm and what he needed was provided by voluntary gifts. Sometimes he probably received some support from the Home Mission.

In this manner he performed a wonderful work. He did not pay much attention to organizing congregations. He preached the Word of God and administered the sacraments and left it to the people to express their wish to have a congregation organized. Where he served the people in those days are now many large congregations.

In 1894 the seventy-three-year old servant of the Lord started out on a long journey. One of his sons, a son-in-law, and other relatives left that spring for Albertta, Canada, took land, and formed a colony. They were among the first Norwegian settlers in Canada, and here Anderson became the minister. On the third of November, 1894, the first meeting was held in the home of his son, Peder.

But old age could not be staved off. The cold winters were especially hard on him. Did he quit his work? Not he. Always interested in making things, he built himself a sled covered with canvas and made a small stove of sheet iron. With the faithful old "Sam" hitched to the sled, with smoke curling cheerfully from the chimney, he started off though the cold might be severe. In this manner he was able to meet his appointments. But old and weak as he was, this sort of life was not without dangers. One winter night he came to a place where he expected to get lodging til next morning, but the houses were empty, the people having moved away. The night was getting dark, he dared not go any further. He got the horse into a shed and he himself sat in the sled all night.

Another time darkness overcame him before he reached his destination, and he lost his way. It was late in the fall and pitch dark. Then he decided to let "Sam" have free reins. He was not disappointed. After a long time they came to a house, but the folks did not understand Anderson's language. He was given lodging over night; the next morning he discovered where he was and again found his way.

Wherever he heard there were Norwegian settlers, there he must go, across swollen streams, into deep valleys, over wind-swept hills. Once he drove to Stony Plain, a distance of one hundred miles. Mrs. Willie Simonson says that she lived there at that time with her parents. So great was their longing for church services that they drove ten miles with oxen in the summer time in order to attend German Lutheran services on Sundays. About the only words they could understand, but infinitely precious to hear, were "Gott", "Jesus", and "Amen".

We can imagine how welcome Pastor Anderson's coming to them was, bringing the gospel in their own tongue. Mrs. Simonson said that he preached so mightily that at times the whole audience would weep. Several young people took a more definite stand for Christ.

His little granddaughter Inga was sometimes sent with him, so that he should not be entirely alone on the trail. As he was hard of hearing he could not lead the singing, so little Inga served as "klokke". He was fairly worshipped by children, and when they heard that he was coming they would start off to meet him.

When Anderson came to a new settlement people came long distances to have their babies baptized. He served people within a radius of fifty miles but sometimes would drive up to a hundred miles. The twenty-minute sermon had not been introduced at that time. When he came to the end of his sermon, he would look out of one window and then another and say, "Ah, well, the weather is fine and the day is long," and start preaching another sermon.

He made his home with his son and would often take a hand in the work. He loved to play with children and make toys for them. He was a lover of nature and did not, until the very last, give up roaming about in the fields and woods picking flowers. He was always praising the Lord, and in the early morning would waken the household with singing some hymn, and that not always to the right tune.

(Turn to page 3 please.)

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.

The SHEPHERD

I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD. John 10, 11.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, First Nr. in January, 1942.

He that believeth on him is not judged; he that believeth not hath been judged already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God.

The Change in Editorship

This has already been mentioned in the second December issue. Pastor Lystig has rendered our church an efficient and blessed service in his time of editorship. Pastor Lystig is so eminently qualified for such a position that to succeed him in this service is not easy.

But the call has come to serve the church in this way. Since we believe this to be a call from the Lord, we have accepted it in the faith that who calls will also enable. We quote from our letter of acceptance to the Secretary of the Home Mission Committee, Pastor Lerseth:

"Since the call has come to assume the responsible task of editing Hyrden, my reply is that I shall do my best. Sometimes one feels so busy that one cannot do more, but in a matter that has been prayed about, one has a right to think that 'real duties of life do not conflict.'"

If we are within the sphere of His will, He will grant the strength required for the tasks assigned. That is easy to say, but not always easy to live up to. But God gives grace.

May the Lord bless our service for our church through Hyrden. We covet your prayers.

—A. M. Vinge.

GREETINGS FROM THE SCHOOLS —

A Blessed New Year!

Luther Seminary, Saskatoon.

Dare we face this New Year with faith and courage and hope? Do we really have faith to wish one another a blessed New Year? Probably most of us feel that it is hardly appropriate to wish one another a Happy New Year this time. At least if by happiness one means care-free and untroubled joy. The world is so full of trouble at present that it is hardly conceivable that this coming year can be care-free and untroubled for anyone who thinks seriously and is concerned about the welfare of his fellowmen.

But amidst our cares and anxieties we may have peace and joy in our hearts for the year 1942 also is to be a Year of Grace, if He in whose hand our times are permits it to run its course. A Year of Grace in which the grace of God in Christ may be more fully accomplished in us and through us individually and as a Church. A Year of Grace in which prayer and the study of the Word of God should occupy more of our time than ever before. A Year of Grace in which we should more zealously than ever before give ourselves to the bringing of the saving Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who still sit in darkness, both at home and to the uttermost parts of the earth. A Year of Grace in which we should give generously of our means for bringing relief to those who are in want and distress in all parts of the world. A Year of Grace in which we should humbly thank God for the gracious privilege of being His and being His co-workers in Christ.

And as we enter the New Year let us pray that if the Lord should come with power and great glory before the year is ended, we may be found awake and waiting for His coming, and receive Him with joy. For His coming will also be a day of grace for those who are His. Then will their salvation be perfected through His grace and power.

The teachers and students of Luther Seminary unite in wishing all the readers of "Hyrden" a Blessed New Year!

—J. R. Lavik,
President Luther Seminary.

A Greeting from Camrose College

The Camrose Lutheran College extends to all its friends in the Canada District, best wishes for a Happy New Year. Our 1941—1942 school year is already partially completed and the prospects are that it will be successful.

G. O. Evenson,
Principal, S.L.B.I.

A BEAUTIFUL WAY OF REMEMBERING OUR LOVED ONES. IT PROMOTES THE MESSAGE OF THE PRINTED WORD.

IN MEMORIAM

Blessed be their memory through the years.

The following were remembered with In Memoriam gifts to
HYRDEN during the years 1937—1941

1937 Pastor H. O. Gronlid
Hans Grimsrud
Olive Sorestad
1938 Bert Heggerud
1939 Eleanor Nelson
Mrs. L. E. Haave
1940 Evangelist H. A. Hanson
John Floen

1940 Mrs. J. J. Akre
Knut Hage
Sarah Hage
Hanna Mossing
1941 Pastor R. O. Thorpe
Mrs. Ole Sorestad
Gladys Hoem
Mrs. J. E. Marken
M. M. Bergquist

There are in attendance one hundred and five students. Eighty are resident and twenty-five reside in town. This year there are sixty-three Lutheran students and forty-two students of other denominations. Three students are completing the Pre-Seminary Course in preparation for the Luther Seminary at Saskatoon.

In addition to this class there are several students in the lower grades whose aim it is to take the theological course at our Seminary.

Our Christian Service Group, which is our Luther League and is affiliated with the Luther League, has been very active this school year. In addition to the weekly prayer meetings and has visited neighboring congregations with inspirational programs. The Lutheran Daughters of the Reformation, whose faculty-advisor is Miss Helen Sorhus, has rendered a series of splendid bi-weekly programs for the whole student body. Rev. A.M. Vinge will conduct our annual Consecration Week meetings in January.

One of the great factors in shaping the world-view of this age is the education of our youth. In many ways the world of today resembles closely the world into which Christ was born. That day was also an age of great transition. Men were discarding the outworn systems and philosophies in search of something more enduring. They thirsted for clearer visions and hungered for God. It is the duty of every one interested in Lutheran education to give to our young people today the Christocentric view of life. Our aim must be to vitalize our school life by centering it in Him who said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free". The Christian philosophy of life must permeate not only classes in Christianity but all courses and be the binding and illuminating force in all instruction. Pray for the Camrose Lutheran College, its staff and students.

—C. A. Ronning,
Principal, Camrose Lutheran College.

School greeting

The students, workers and teachers of S.L.B.I. greet the readers of Shepherd at the beginning of this year in the name of the changeless Christ. He has promised: "I will never leave thee, neither will I in anywise forsake thee." Because of this promise we can say with bold, confident courage: "The Lord is my helper; I will not fear. What shall man do unto me?"

In these troubled days the soldiers of Jesus Christ need to hold with firm grasp the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. They need to know how to use it well. It is our prayer that each reader of Hyrden will be living ever more deeply in the riches of that Word, that Word of which we are not ashamed because it is His power unto salvation.

My presence shall go with thee".
Exodus 33:14.

How comforting it is to know that God does not forsake us when we are "half-ways" but continues to go with us all the way.

As we stop at the beginning of this new year for a moment of sober reflection we all feel that it is dark with suspensive uncertainties and evil forebodings. No one knows what it has in its store. And if we were to step over the threshold of this New Year alone we would shrink back and join in with Moses: "If Thy presence go not with us, carry us not hence".

But we need not go alone. The promise stands: My presence will go with thee. And if His presence goes with us, who or what need we fear? God knows what we are to meet, even though we do not; He can overcome the dangers we are to meet, even if we can not. If we bid Him to clutch our hand firmly as we step over the threshold and continue to hold it thus as we continue our journey, we can go forth with courage, confidence, and joy. The ghastly obstacles and terrific head-winds we may meet will only serve as means whereby we are strengthened and enabled to soar to greater heights.

The Canadian Lutheran Bible Institute, Camrose, Alberta, has just finished its fall term. The presence of the Lord has been manifested whereof we are glad. An average of about 30 students has been in attendance. The instructors in addition to the dean have been Pastor Rude, Armena, and Pastor Vinge, Ryley. We are happy indeed to know that the Lord has been able to use our humble and imperfect efforts to the blessing of the students and to the honor and glory of His holy Name.

The Winter term will open Jan. 6th., and we are facing it with courage, confidence and joy because we are assured that "His presence will go with us". Pastor Peterson will take the place of Pastor Vinge for the winter term. Sometimes we begin to wonder if the conditions immediately before us will hinder some of the former students from returning and new students from coming. If His presence goes with us we can leave that to Him. He has successfully taken care of difficult situations before and gloriously saved and protected individuals even when called upon to stand alone. Remember Noah, Abraham, Elijah, David, Daniel and multitudes of others.

The C.L.B.I. sends a greeting of Grace and Peace to you in Jesus Name for the year of our Lord, 1942. We will be glad to welcome you either as a visitor or student.

In the Master's Service,
C. A. Bernhardtson,
Dean of C.L.B.I.

Acknowledgement.

The following gifts have been received from Mr. Hans Torgerson, Saskatoon, through Rev. B. O. Lokensgaard:

For orphaned Lutheran missions \$20.00; For Saskatchewan Lutheran Bible Institute \$10.00; For home missions \$10.00; For Sunday and parochial schools \$10.00. Please accept our sincere thanks.

—Iver Iversen.

(Continued from page 2)

In 1915, two years before his death, he was the guest of honor at the convention of the Hauge's Synod in Grand Forks, North Dakota. It was touching to see the many ways in which people showed their love and respect. "You baptized me", "You confirmed me", "You married me." He did not know them, but when they mentioned their parents, he knew who they were and where they had lived. The convention presented him with a cane with a golden head. He accepted it and walked with it during the convention for the sake of the donors. Later he used it but seldom.

He died June 14, 1917, at the age of ninety-six. It was said at his funeral that he had won a host of friends but had no enemies.

Then was laid to rest the man who as a boy found God and preached to cows and sheep and later visited places to preach where others did not go, and who in this country and in Canada was the first to bring the Word and sacraments to the scattered settlers on far-flung frontiers. This small, wiry, courageous man, defying old age, with an everburning passion for souls.

—(Lutheran Herald)

Saron Lutheran Church, Hagen, Saskatchewan

Confirmation and Mission Service was held in Saron Lutheran church near Hagen, Sask. recently.

In the forenoon thirteen young people were confirmed. The names are as follows:

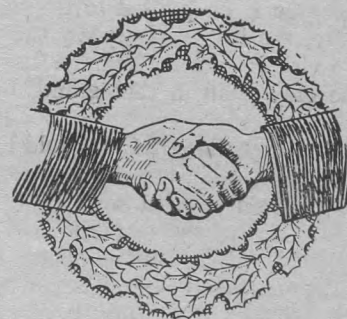
Judith Helen Rinholm,
Helen Alma Hagen,
Ida Erickson,
Lydia Ovidia Nodeland,
Irene Patricia Frisk,
Alice Marion Halderson,
Shirley Ethel Finnestad,
Thelma Jean Opseth,
Stanley Norman Swenson,
Melvin Peter Frisk,
Reuben Emmanuel Akre,
Clifford Aaron Brager,
Edward Bjarne Wick.

In the afternoon Holy Communion was celebrated and Rev. Lerseth preached a mission sermon. The offering placed upon the altar for Missions amounted to \$203.00.

—Mrs. P. Lerseth.

Fire at Bethany Sunset Home, Bawlf, Alta.

The so-called Hanson House at the Bethany Sunset Home was destroyed by fire Dec. 16. The house belongs to the Bethany Home and has been used as an annex to house some of the men. The fire was discovered so late that nothing could be saved. But no one was injured and all the old folks are now accommodated in the main building. The building was insured. We need a new building for our home.



Penny-a-Meal 1942

Lent will soon be here again. Measures are being taken to secure a supply of Penny-a-Meal boxes for 1942. These boxes have changed the picture of budget contributions in some parishes. It is particularly fitting in Lent. Boxes may be secured from the District Stewardship Secretary, Pastor A. M. Vinge, Ryley, Alberta.

And the 1941 Budget. December 15, 81.3% had been ingathered. The fiscal year ends January 31st. We strongly urge congregations to do their utmost to reach the goal in the remaining days when this issue of Hyrden reaches the readers. May we not fail our workers at home and abroad!

—V.

WOMEN'S MISSIONARY FEDERATION

Mrs. J. R. Lavik, Editor, — Luther Seminary, Saskatoon, Sask.

A Happy New Year to all of our readers!

May the new year be a happy and prosperous one for us, members of the Women's Missionary Federation, as we carry on our work even in these dark and difficult times. The Lord has graciously blest our efforts in the past, and for that we are humbly and sincerely grateful. If we permit Him to guide and direct our labors and activities in the year that lies ahead of us, it will indeed be a happy year for us, enriching our lives, and, through our efforts, the lives of others whom we may have the privilege serving. With the poet we say:

Help, Lord Jesus, let Thy blessing
Rest upon this opening year;
May we now, new strength possessing,
Walk in love and holy fear;
Dearest Jesus, speed our way;
Strength bestow from day to day.

Lord, Thy blessing now receiving,
Grant Thou us a hallowed year;
Firmly on Thy word believing,
May our service be sincere;
That on earth we may become
Fitted for our heavenly home.

Savior, when this year is closing,
Marked by mercies large and free,
May we, in Thy love reposing,
Leave the future all with Thee;
Gladly in Thy courts appear,
Gladly wait Thy summons here.

To the W.M.F. of the Canada District.

"Let us not be weary of well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we fail not," Gal. 6:9.

We are grateful to the Lord because He also in the past year has let the redemptive powers that come from the cross of Christ descend upon the members of our Church so that they have had a mind to serve Him in His kingdom. We are glad that also the women of the Church have put their special talents to the Lord's service both individually and through organized efforts. Sometimes the Lord permits us to see the immediate fruits of our efforts; but more often He exercises our faith in patient endurance. Let us remember that the fruits we may be granted to see from time to time are not the rewards of our labors.

Our rewards are something far greater and more glorious, which the Lord shall bestow upon those who do not grow weary. The sole condition for this reward is not success, but faithfulness. And it is certain, for the promise of God cannot fail.

Yours in the Lord,
Iver Iversen.

Shining New Year.

By Christine Campbell

Usually Grant did not think much about the things he had. When he was not sleeping, he always had something to work about or somebody to play with at home. He had so many brothers and sisters that there was no place left in their small house to mope in, even if he wanted to do that. But that day, the last in the year, Grant had gone to visit his cousin Tommy. Tommy was the only child in that grand, big house.

"Tommy has everything", Grant told his people at supper when he came home, "and it is all brand new. I wish I could have something really new once in a while".

Mother smiled at him, and was going to say something, but then baby Jean upset her milk into Mary's lap. Billy began to talk about playing hockey when school opened again.

When Grant had gone to bed at night, though, he thought of all Tommy's new things. Then he thought how everything he wore was just something Billy had grown too big to wear. All the toys they found in their Christmas stockings were old ones nicely painted again. His pillow-case was smooth and his blanket comfy, but they were pretty well worn too. Grant fell asleep with a sigh.

"I've brought you something", a wee voice buzzed in his ear.

"What is it?" Grant whispered back, too excited to ask even who was speaking but he could see that it was some dreamy kind

of person by his bed.

"Just what would you like it to be?" the dream-person asked. But for all the thinking he could do Grant could not remember a single thing that he really wanted.

"Oh, anything, I guess", he began, and added in a hurry, "if only it is really brand new. Please, what is it?"

"It's a year, 'the dream-person nodded wisely.' A bright, shining new year. You're to keep it as bright and clean and gay and good as ever you can, for it's your very own, and nobody has ever had it before."

Grant laughed with joy, and tucking his hands under his head dived deeper into his sleep till he woke on the shining morning of the very new year.

SECURITY

Reverently, a young girl kneeled at the Lord's Table
To partake of the Lord's Supper as one en-hungered.

Appeased, and with longings stilled, she left the sanctuary
Where the after-glow of Christmas still lingered.

Coming out of the church she beheld as it were, a New World.

The grimy city of an hour ago had been transformed into softest whiteness.
Mirrored in the purified outdoors she saw God's soul-cleansing power.

Snowflakes, falling thick and fast, settled on her coat collar and cap as she walked. And as she communed with Him whose guest she had been, a great exultant joy came into her soul. To her, Christmas had not been a mere rift in the cloud of sameness, but a spiritual pilgrimage to the Bethlehem Manger. With Christ enthroned within her heart she could face the future with gladness and hope.

Radiant, and surrendered, she greeted the New Year, unafraid.

—Emma Quie Bonhus.
(From "The Friend".)

LIF'S LESSON.

I learn as the years roll onward
And I leave the past behind,
That much I had counted sorrow
But proves that God is kind;
That many a flower I had longed for
Had hidden a thorn of pain,
And many a rugged by-path
Led to fields of ripened grain.

The clouds that cover the sunshine
They cannot banish the sun;
And the earth shines out the brighter
When the weary rain is done.
We must stand in the deepest shadow
To see the clearest light;
And often through wrong's own darkness
Comes the weary strength of light.

The sweetest rest is at even,
After a wearisome day,
When the heavy burden of labor
Has borne from our hearts away;
And those who have never know sorrow
Can not know the infinite peace
That falls on the troubled spirit
When it sees at last release.

We must live through the dreary winter
If we would value the spring:
And the woods must be cold and silent
Before the robins sing.
The flowers must be buried in darkness
Before they can bud and bloom,
And the sweetest, warmest sunshine
Comes after the storm and gloom.

—Anonymous.

Whatever you write on the heart of a child,
No waters can wash it away.
The sands may be shifted when billows are wild

And the efforts of time may decay,
Some stories may perish, some songs be forgot,
But this engraven record, time changes it not.

Whatever you write on the heart of a child,
A story of gladness or care
That heaven has blessed, or that earth has defiled,
Will linger unchangeably there.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S LUTHER LEAGUE

Editor, Rev. G. O. Evenson, Outlook, Sask.

"And he answering said unto Him, 'Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung its and if it bear fruit thenceforth, well; but if not, thou shalt cut it down'." (Luke 13:8, 9)

Today we are at the sunrise of another year. We ask ourselves, What will this year bring us? When a humble Christian looks back over years that are past he sees God's love and grace woven into his life; and from the depths of his soul comes the confession: "Lord, Thou hast done all things well." But even as you thus give thanks you heave an anxious sigh. Through the corridors of time cold winds blow that seem to warn us of storms, punishment, and hard days. It is as though we heard the flapping of the wings of the angel with the vials of wrath that are to be poured out on us.

And yet — in the midst of all that causes us to fear difficult times, there stands a Man who until this day has always prevented the worst from happening. When the righteous hand lifted the axe for a stroke, and when the vials were to be poured out on us, then He interposed and prayed for a time of respite: "Lord, let it alone this year also. True, I have offered the same prayer before; but oh, grant this year too, Lord. Let me dig about it and dung it one year more." In this way the Vinedresser has not only prevented the worst from happening, but He has also given years of grace in which many have been saved.

This year too He prays the same prayer for people and country, and because of this Savior-love, God will again give us a year of grace for grace. If this shall prove to be the last year here in time for some of us, then He will take such believing sinner and carry him through death into eternal life.

—Ludvig Hope.

New Year's Greetings

To the young people of our district: Forward in the name of Christ to the spiritual warfare that awaits each one of you in the year 1942. God is able to make all grace abound unto you, that ye having always all grace in everything may abound unto every good work.

To the older readers of this column: Be thou faithful unto death. He who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Christ. Occupy till He come — in prayer and intercession, in consecrated service, in faithful and kindly oversight, in Christlike example.

To the new editor of Hyrden: Welcome to your new work. Our prayers will be with you also in this. In nothing be anxious; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

To our pastors and teachers: Be diligent in season and out of season; preach the Gospel. Be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord.

To all: Be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of His might. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Comments.

Leaguers, has there been nothing of interest to report to this column recently? For some time there has been a real drought as far as news is concerned. As to devotional articles written by young people, there just isn't any. Still there could be. Share with us from your reading, from your programs, from your thinking such things as may be of blessing to others. You say that it is up to the older folks to write such articles. Maybe it is. But if you wait until you are one of the older folks before you do any writing, likely you never will do any writing.

* * *

Has your League been faithful to its financial stewardship this year (financially January goes along with the preceding

Who writes it has sealed it forever and aye,
He must answer to God on the great Judgment Day.

year)? Have you paid your share to the budget of the International YPLL? If not, it is not yet too late to send in your contribution to the office at 425 South Fourth Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

* * *

Do you like to read? Then take advantage of the offer made by the International YPLL to give a book free to every Leaguer who reads five or more of the Reading Project books during 1942. Get the list of books from the office.

Speaking of books, a recent publication of considerable interest is "The Hauge Movement in America", which seeks to relate the history of lay-activity among Norwegian Lutherans in America and Canada. This reviewer has found it to be very interesting and informative.

Another recent book is "Full-grown in Christ", the third of the "Faith in Action" series. It presents in a devotional way those basic things which are necessary for spiritual manhood.

Both the above books may be secured from the Bible Institute Book Store at Outlook.

Christ Lives in Me

Thou are my Savior, Lord and King!
To Thee this day my all I bring;
I yield my heart and life to Thee,
Thou who hast giv'n Thyself for me.

For me! I bless Thee for that Word!
With all my heart I trust Thee, Lord.
I see Thy love on Calvary
And dare to say, "It was for me!"

I trust Thy love, for Thou has died.
With Thee I would be crucified.
Put sin to death, and set me free
From all its guilt and tyranny.

My heart I give: it is Thine own;
The right to reign is Thine alone.
I pray for power Thee to obey
And Thee to follow all the way.

Live Thou in me: I want it so!
Forgive me if I sometimes go
In self-willed ways! O leave not me,
But turn my heart again to Thee.

Take Thou my life, no longer mine,
And make it wholly, ever Thine;
Kept in Thy love and used for Thee,
Humbly confessing, "Christ in me!"

It is no longer I that live!
Live Thou in me, That I might give
To Thee the glory and the praise
For this Thy saving power and grace.

This, then, my prayer: "O Lord, I ask
No easy road nor easier task!
May this my true confession be,
That Christ, my Savior, lives in me."
—J. P. Milton
in "Better Leagues."

Moose Jaw Circuit Bible Course

The annual Moose Jaw Circuit Bible Course will be given in the Trinity Lutheran Church, Torquay, Saskatchewan, for four weeks beginning Monday, February 2 and ending Sunday, March 1st. Besides the pastors of the circuit who will be the teachers, Evangelist Philip Hanson will be present during the last three weeks as teacher and will also have services each evening. Courses will be as follows: Book Synopsis of several Old Testament books, Hebrews Ephesians, Colosians, Amos and Jeremiah.

Young people of the circuit who are unable to attend our Bible Institute at Outlook should make use of this opportunity to study God's Word. Also in these times of stress and trials God's Word is "A lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path." We urge all to come for the very beginning so that they might receive the full benefit of the course. The first class will be at 7 p.m. on Monday evening, Feb. 2nd. This will be followed by the inspirational service at 8 p.m.

Students are asked to bring bedclothes, towels, etc. The cost for the four weeks will be \$5.00 per student as usual. Contributions of food and money are very welcome. And let God's children remember this Bible Course in their prayers that His name might be glorified.

—A. K. Haugen.

FLASH! District Luther League Convention at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, D.v. July 16—19, 1942.